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THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

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LYRON ANDREWS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 17, 1898.

In the eye of a soldier-hater, the four deserters in every 100 soldiers occupy a much larger space than the 96 men who bravely and faithfully did their duty.

In the manhood of the country during the war was such as the Mugwumps try to make out, we do not wonder that they are glad to be mistaken for Englishmen.

It is certainly cheaper to lay flowers on a soldier's grave, after he is dead, than to pay him a decent pension while living. But the cheapest thing is scarcely ever the right thing. Else it would not be so cheap.

The hopes that have been entertained in Europe that the South was ready to take advantage of any external strain upon us to renew the effort to break away have been pretty effectually dashed by the vote for the \$50,000,000 appropriation.

Why is it none of the soldier-hating papers can be induced to publish any figures giving the enormous losses of the war, which will show the reason of the bigness of the pension roll? These are very accessible to anyone who chooses to look for them.

We have Cuba surrounded by warships, commanded by men and manned by men who are only too eager to get a chance at Spanish war-vessels. Each of them have had his eyes fixed on some Spanish ship that he regards as his vessel's particular "meat." The instant that war is declared, there will be a race to get at their prey, and probably five or six Spanish vessels will be captured before Spain can get an opportunity to yell "enough," and offer us peace on any terms.

The war will probably be astonishingly short. It may not last longer than the famous "seven days war" between Prussia and Austria, in 1866. Spain will be attacked at once at 50 points in irresistible force, and will be begging for peace in 10 days after the declaration of war.

A FEW years ago the opposition was to paying pensions to "young men who are still in the vigor of life." Now it is to "paying pensions to men who have waited 30 years to find out that they have disabilities." The pension-hater is one who was never satisfied with the Union soldiers, no matter what they did. If they attacked the enemy, and drove him, at fearful cost of life to themselves, they were "butchers." If they lay quiet in camp, they were having "a military picnic, at the cost of the taxpayers."

SPAIN has neither of the two great requisites of modern naval warfare: Cash and coal. She has no money to buy new ships, nor to properly fit out those that she has, and if she could fit them out their cruises would be short on account of a lack of coal. What little she has this side of the Atlantic would speedily be in our hands, while her warships would exhaust all that they can carry before they got in fighting distance of our ships.

The commander of the Montgomery has acted wisely in not allowing his men to go ashore in Habana. A squad of them might wander off and lick a brigade or two of the Spanish army, just by way of having "fun on shore."

THE TIME OF CRYING NEED.

It is inexplicably stupid that the people cannot understand that now is the time when the pension roll should be largely increased, and that with all possible rapidity.

Pensions were granted because men needed them to make good in so far as money could the ravages of war.

Pensions were granted because the Nation recognized that honor and justice demanded that it should make this return to the men who had been injured in its service.

Therefore, pensions should be allowed when those men feel most keenly the need of this outside assistance, and when their hurts and disabilities are most urgently manifest.

The fact that those men have not heretofore been granted pensions, or have not applied for them should operate strongly in their favor.

They have proudly and patriotically tried to get along without assistance from the Government. The Government has saved inconceivable millions from this spirit of the veterans, and should manifest its appreciation of the fact by promptness and liberality today, when the pressure of rapidly-increasing infirmities compels the veterans to relinquish their position and ask for justice.

As sacredly binding as any human debt can be is that of the Nation "to care for him who hath borne the heat and burden of the battle, and for his widow and orphans." The time to make that payment is when it is needed. That it has not been needed in some cases so far forms no earthly sort of an argument against doing it when it is really needed. The debt of the pension was incurred when the soldier faithfully performed his duty in the field, to his own bodily detriment.

To deny him payment when his necessities are crying loudest is not only rank injustice, and a dishonor to the Government, but a shameful cruelty.

To put off payment for the sake of economy until the number of pensioners is greatly reduced, is simply ineffable meanness. It is something that should not be thought of by a great Nation, much less spoken of.

THE \$50,000,000 APPROPRIATION.

Congress has never done a prouder thing for the American people than the appropriation, by a unanimous vote, of \$50,000,000 for the use of the President in providing for the National defense.

It was a monumental, an epoch-making act. Nothing like it ever occurred before in parliamentary history. It was the greatest peace demonstration ever made, for it will hereafter rise up as a deterring vision whenever any Nation is tempted to try our patience too far.

Writers and philosophers have so far alleged against republican forms of Government that they are unable to act in emergencies with the promptness, decision, and solidarity of monarchies. This demonstration effectually disproves that. No monarchy in the world could rise as instantly and unanimously to the level of the emergency as our country has. The act of Congress showed that the whole power and resources of this mighty Nation are completely at the command of the President to be hurled, if necessary, with irresistible force upon any object desired to be gained. It was a demonstration of power that no other Nation on earth could withstand. Back of that \$50,000,000 stands \$85,000,000,000 of property that can be devoted to the same purpose, if need be, as back of our little Regular Army of 25,000 men and 13,000,000 young men ready and willing to respond to the President's call. No two of the Empires of Europe can hope to cope successfully with such power wielded solidly by a single hand, which can become more absolute than any despot's when executing the wishes of the people.

The prestige of our country was thus increased immeasurably among the peoples of the earth. We have at once gained a moral power and influence that are beyond any description.

ALL true Americans are proud of the valor and fortitude shown by the young men of this country when called forth by the terrible exigencies of the rebellion. The degenerate Mugwumps, on the other hand, and other low fellows of the baser sort, are mainly anxious to prove that when the Nation called for manhood our young men showed themselves degraded, cowardly mercenaries, who could scarcely be forced into a fight.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MAINE.

These facts seem to be now generally accepted:

1. The Maine was blown up from the outside. The force was so great that pieces of the enormous keel were driven far up into the hull.

2. So great a force could not be exerted by any mere torpedo lanced by some irresponsible fanatic.

3. It could not have been done by one submarine mine, even, of the largest type known to naval warfare. It must have been more than one mine.

4. This implies at once unusual preparation, unusual facilities at command, unusual technical skill, and a considerable number of men involved, with a corresponding knowledge of the facts among a large circle of able and educated men.

The inference of participation of Spanish naval officers, and complicity of authorities, either naval or municipal, seems unavoidable.

The report is current in Washington that at a meeting of the Cabinet the alleged actions of the Commissioner of Pensions in furnishing ammunition to the soldier-hating papers was taken up, and it was decided to admonish him. The veterans do not care how many facts he gives the papers, if he will only give facts. Rather, they are anxious for him to give all the facts, and not half-facts, and utterly misleading statements. The veterans have no fear of the truth in regard to the pension roll.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE has repeatedly intimated the Commissioner of Pensions to make public undeniable facts in his possession which would completely vindicate the pensioners. For reasons of his own he has chosen not to do this. It is alleged that he is in the hands of a little ring in the Pension Bureau, inherited from Lochren, and which does not know that Cleveland is no longer President of the United States.

For the week ending March 12, Commissioner Evans made 1,000 original allowances. For the corresponding week of last year Commissioner Murphy allowed 994, and for the corresponding week of 1892 Commissioner Raum allowed 4,785.

THE Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot shows no let-up in its bitter war against the pensioners. It will be remembered that the Patriot was such a virulent Copperhead during the war that it was several times threatened with suppression. It was a constant aggravation to the hundreds of thousands of grand, patriotic men which Pennsylvania sent to the war.

The rapidity with which this country is being put into condition of defensiveness is an instructive spectacle to Europeans. Any fleet that would attempt to bombard one of our seaports to-day, would have a frightful bill for repairs, even if the assault did not last 15 minutes.

SOME idiots of the Mugwump variety are talking of setting with Spain on the basis of an indemnity of \$10,000,000. That is the height of the ridiculous. The actual money loss in the Maine was over \$5,000,000, which is insignificant in comparison to the loss of the lives of 256 of our people, and the affront to our National honor. The purely monetary feature of the transaction should not be settled for less than \$100,000,000.

PERSONAL.

Maj. Wm. O. Howe, whom the San Francisco papers describe as an "eccentric veteran," has gotten himself into trouble. He lives with his family on a small island in San Francisco Bay, about 30 miles from San Francisco. When the news came that M. O. Hanna had been elected Senator from Ohio, Howe became very indignant, and wrote to Secretary Sherman declaring that he could no longer remain a citizen of this country, and would secede with his island from its jurisdiction. Lyon Post, G. A. R., of Oakland, to which Howe belongs, regard this as treason, and they have organized a court martial to try Howe, who declares that he will fight the case.

The 25th anniversary of Col. P. T. Woodfin's assumption of the office of Governor of the National Soldiers' Home at Hampton was appropriately celebrated in the presence of a large audience at the Opera House at Norfolk, Va. A feature of special interest was the presentation to Col. Woodfin of a beautifully-engraved set of resolutions in honor of his long service, the presentation address being made by Capt. Hadenbrook, of Fortress Monroe. Col. Woodfin went to Hampton in 1873, succeeding Gen. Hink of the Government of the Home.

Capt. F. D. Hadley, Des Moines, Iowa, has written an able paper on the battle of Cedar Creek, which he read before the Loyal Legion of Iowa, and has reproduced in pamphlet form. Its purpose is to tell the true story of the battle, and defend the Eighth Corps against some of the strictures that have been made upon that splendid organization.

A very strange movement is developing in California to make U. S. Grant United States Senator.



Si Klegg as a Veteran

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Deacon Continues to Acquire Volumes of Military Experience.

With the Deacon's assistance, the chimney was soon rebuilt, better than ever, and several household improvements were added. The lost utensils were also replaced, one by one. The Deacon was sometimes troubled a little in his mind as to where the pan, the camp-kettle, etc., came from. Si or Shorty would simply bring in one of them, with a sigh of satisfaction, and add it to the household stock. The Deacon was afraid to ask any questions.

One day, however, Shorty came in in a glow of excitement, with a new ax in his hand.

"There isn't she a daisy?" he said, holding it up and testing the edge with his thumb. "None of your old sledges with no more edge than a maul, that you have to nigger the wood off with. Brand new, and got an edge like a razor. You kin chop wood with that, I tell you."

"It's a dandy good ax. With about 10 bits," said the Deacon, examining the ax critically. "Last ax I bought from Ol. Taylor cost 12 bits. It was a better one. How much'd you give for this?" "I'll pay it myself."

"Do you know Jed Baskins thinks himself the best catcher-player in the 200th Ind.," said Shorty.

"He's a good one, I guess," said the Deacon. "I don't know him. He's a catcher-player, is he?" "Yes, he is. He's a catcher-player, is he?" "Yes, he is. He's a catcher-player, is he?"

"He's a good one, I guess," said the Deacon. "I don't know him. He's a catcher-player, is he?" "Yes, he is. He's a catcher-player, is he?" "Yes, he is. He's a catcher-player, is he?"

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from Jan. 3 to June 24, 1863. Rosecrans seemed suddenly seized with McCellan's sudden desire for speed, and was plunging into a large portion of middle Tennessee into parapet, bastion and casemate, turret, curtain, covered way and gorge, according to the system of Vauban. The 200th Ind. had to do its unwilling share of this, and the boys of the 200th Ind. were their superabundant energy with pick and shovel. They would come back at night tired, muddy and mad. They would be ready to quarrel with and abuse everybody and everything from President Lincoln down to the Commissary-Sergeant and the issue of pickled beef and bread—especially the Commissary-Sergeant and the rations. The good Deacon sorrowed over these manifestations. He was intensely loyal. He wanted to see the soldiers satisfied with their officers and the provisions made for their comfort.

He would get up a good dinner for the boys, which would soothe their ruffled tempers and make them more satisfied with their lot.

He began a labored planning of the feast. He looked over thearder, and found there pork, corned beef, potatoes, beans, coffee, brown sugar, and hardtack.

"Good, substantial vittles, that stick to the ribs," he muttered to himself, "and I'll fix up a good mess of them. But the boys ought to have something to treat once in a while, and I must think up some way to give it to 'em."

He pondered over the problem as he carefully cleaned the beans, and set them to boiling in a kettle over the fire. He washed the potatoes to put in to cook, and then he wanted something that would be luxuries.

"I recollect," he said to himself finally, "seeing a little store, where some fellow's set up a little ways from here. It's a board shanty, and I expect it's got a lot of things in it that the boys'd like for there's nearly always a big crowd around it. I'll just fasten up the house, and walk over there while the beans is a seethin', and see if I can't pick up something real good to eat."

He made his way through the crowd, which was just getting started, and he came to the shelf across the front, and took a look at the stock. It seemed almost wholly made up of canned goods, and boxes of half-Spanish cigars, and playing cards.

"Don't seem to be much of a store, after all," he murmured the Deacon, after he had surveyed the display. "Ain't a patchin' to Ol. Taylor's. Don't see anything very invitin' here. O, yes, there's a cheese. Say, Mister, gi' me about four pounds of that there cheese."

"Lend o' Goshen, four bits a pound for cheese, except the Deacon. 'Why, I kin gi' you the best full-cream cheese at home for a bit a pound."

"Why don't you buy your cheese at home then, ole man?" replied the storekeeper. "You'd make money, if you didn't have to travel around. Guess you don't know much about gettin' goods down to the front. But I haint no time to argue with you. If you don't want to buy, step back, and make room for some one that does. Business is lively this mornin'."

"Time is money. Small profits and quick returns, you know. 'No time to fool with leaders who only look on and ask questions."

"Strange way for a storekeeper to act," muttered the Deacon. "Must've bin brung up in a Land Office. He couldn't keep store in Posey County a week. They wouldn't let him. He'd be shot. You may gi' me two pounds of cheese."

"Well, why don't you plank down the rime?" said the storekeeper impatiently. "Put up your money fast, and then you'll git the goods. This ain't no credit concern, you say. You kin get cash in advance saved book-keeping."

"Well, I declare," muttered the Deacon, as he fished a greenback out of a leather pocket-book fastened with a long strap. "This is the first time I ever had to pay for things before I got 'em."

"Never went to a circus, then, ole man, or run or circus," replied the storekeeper, and his humor was rewarded with a roar of laughter. "Anything else? Speak quick or step back."

"I'll take a can of peaches out of the Deacon's arms and his sword into it. A gush of whisky splashed out. The Sergeant snatched it up, and then he broke it open, revealing a small flask of liquor.

"The idea of a man of your age being engaged in such business," said the Lieutenant indignantly. "You ought to be helping to keep the men of the army sober, and not of compelling them to their own great injury. You are doing them more harm than the rebels."

The Deacon was too astonished and angry to reply. Wutery failed him in such a crisis.

A charge of him, Corporal, commanded the Lieutenant. "Put him in the guardhouse till to-morrow, when we'll drum him out of camp, with his partner, who is running that store."

The Corporal caught the Deacon by the arm roughly and pulled him to the rear of the squad, which hurried forward to the store. The crowd in front had an inkling of what was coming. In a twinkling of an eye they made a rush on the store, each man snatched a can or a jug, and began bolting away as fast as his legs could carry him.

The storekeeper ran on the back way, and tried to make his escape, but the Provost-Sergeant of the provost-squad threw down his musket and took after him. The storekeeper ran fast, inspired by fear, and the desire to save his ill-gotten gains, but the Sergeant ran faster, and presently brought him back, putting and trembling to witness the demolition of his property. The shanty was being torn down. Each plank as it came off was being snatched up by the soldiers to carry off and add to their own baggage.

The "canned fruit" was being punched with bayonets, and the jugs smashed by gun-bullets.

"You are a cheeky scoundrel!" said the Lieutenant, addressing himself to the storekeeper, "to come down here and try to run such a bad-fall night in the middle of camp. Be well care of your own ideas as that. You'll find it won't pay at all to try such

games on us. You'll go to the guardhouse, and to-morrow we'll shave your head, and drum you and your partner there out of camp."

"I aint no partner o' his," protested the Deacon earnestly. "My name's Josiah Klegg, o' Posey County, Indiana. I'm down here on a visit to my son in the 200th Indiana Volunteer Infantry. I'm a Deacon in the Baptist Church, and a Father of the Sons o' Temperance. It'd be the last thing in the world I'd do to sell whisky."

"That story won't wash, ole man," said the Lieutenant. "You were caught in the act, with the goods in your possession, and trying to serve me."

He turned away to order the squad forward. As they marched along the storekeeper said to the Deacon:

"I'm afraid they've got me dead to rights, ole man, but you kin git out. Jest keep up your sanctimonious appearance and stick to your Deacon story, and you'll gi' off. I know of you. I've lived in Posey County myself. I'm going to trust you. I've already made a clean big profit on this venture, and I've got it right down in my pocket. In spite of all they've splashed I'd be nigh \$500 ahead of the game if I could git out of camp with what I've got in my sock. But they'll probably search me and confiscate my wad for the hospital. You see, I've been through this thing before. I'm going to pass my pile over to you to take keef of I'm through this rumpus. You play fair with me, and I'll whack up with you fair and square, dollar for dollar. If you don't I'll follow you for years."

"I wouldn't tech a dirty dollar of yours for the world," said the Deacon indignantly; but this was lost on the storekeeper, who was watching the Lieutenant.

"Don't say a word," he whispered; "he's got his eye on us. There it is in your overcoat pocket."

In the meantime they had arrived at the guardhouse. The Sergeant stopped, and took the storekeeper roughly by the shoulders, and shoved him up in front of a tall, mustachioed-looking man wearing a Captain's straps, who stood frowning before the door.

"Search him," said the Captain briefly. "Detroit, Michigan, and a brother-in-law, who was her guardian, but she was then traveling with some friends, and meeting the soldier in St. Louis, claims to have married him there and to have immediately gone with him to the City of Philadelphia, Pa., where they commenced living together as man and wife."

It is unquestionably established by credible testimony that from 1853 to 1881 the appellant and the soldier lived together in Philadelphia continuously and uninterruptedly as man and wife. It is shown that during this long period of years the soldier acknowledged and recognized the appellant as his wife, that he introduced her to his friends and acquaintances and held her out to the world as such, and that she was so recognized and acknowledged by all who knew them and with whom they came into association and contact, and that she is recognized and considered by the family and friends of the deceased soldier as his lawful widow. In short there does not appear to have ever been a question or a doubt among those with whom the parties associated during this period of years as to the validity of the marriage of the appellant and the soldier.

I am clearly of the opinion that the foregoing facts in this case are amply sufficient to establish the existence of a valid marriage between the soldier and appellant under the laws of Pennsylvania, and that she should be accepted as such widow of the soldier for all pension purposes. Therefore the rejection of this claim upon the ground stated is held to have been error and said action is hereby overruled and set aside.

"Talk to the Lieutenant, then," said the Captain, moving off. "He will attend to you."

The Deacon's knees smote together. He, a Deacon of the Baptist Church, and a man of stainless reputation at home, to have his head shaved, and drummed out of camp. He would rather die at once. The guards had laid hands on him.

"Captain," he yelled again. "It's all a horrible mistake. I had nothing to do with this man."

"Talk to the Lieutenant, then," said the Captain, moving off. "He will attend to you."

The Lieutenant was attentively watching the barbering operation. "Cut it close—closer yet," he admonished the barber.

"Lieutenant! Lieutenant!" pleaded the Deacon, awkwardly saluting.

"Stand back, I'll attend to you next," said the Lieutenant impatiently. "Now, tie his hands behind him."

The Lieutenant turned toward the Deacon, and the barber picked up his shears and made a step in that direction. Just in the extremity of his danger, the Deacon caught sight of the Captain of Co. Q walking toward Headquarters.

"Capt. McGillicuddy! Capt. McGillicuddy! come here at once! Come quick!" he called in a voice which had been trained to long-distance work on the Wabash bottoms.

Capt. McGillicuddy looked up, recognized the waving of the Deacon's bandana, and hastened thither. Fortunately he knew the Provost officers, there were explanations all around, and profuse apologies, and as the files and drums struck up the "Rogue's march," behind the luckless storekeeper,

DEACON KLEGG LOOKS OVER THE LARDER.

who had to step off in front of a line of leveled bayonets, the Deacon walked away arm-in-arm with the Captain.

"I'm not going to let you go till I'm safe back in our camp," he said to the Deacon, "gracious! I think of havin' my head shaved and marched off the way that feller's been!"

He walked into the cabin and stirred up the beans.

"The water's boiled off," said he to himself, "but they haint been in high as hot a place as I haint I guess the boys'll have to do with a plain dinner to-day. I'm not going to stir out of this place again unless they're with me."

He put his hand into his pocket for his bandana and felt the roll of bills, which he had altogether forgotten in his excitement. His face was a study.

(To be continued.)

As to Congressional Calls.

For sometime Commissioner Evans has complained that "Congressional calls" for the status of cases pending before the Bureau greatly retard progressive work, and claims by requiring the labor in answering them of a large force of clerks who could be engaged in other duties.

The Commissioner has now issued rules prohibiting any agent or attorney, or other person entitled to recognition before the Bureau, from directly or indirectly requesting the aid or assistance in the prosecution of a pension claim of any United States Government official, or representative, or other than those whose duty it is under the law to supervise and administer the laws, rules and regulations governing the granting of Army and Navy pensions, or requesting or advising a claimant to seek such aid in the prosecution of a pension claim.

The rules further provide that the persons so offending shall be held to have abandoned the claim as attorney, and that he shall, by such violation, subject himself to suspension or exclusion from practice before the Pension Office.